At The Beach (#DrunkenKissesChallenge)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Set between Welcome to California and You Are Now Leaving Bucharest - Adam and Nigel go on a date to the beach.

Notes

No need to have read the series - all you need to know is it is ABO and Nigel and Adam are dating. If you like it, do go read the series - there will be more series installments for #SpacedogsSummer

Nigel wasn't sure why he'd agreed to it. Of all the fucking places for a date - the beach! But the connection he had formed with Adam made him almost completely unable to deny the omega anything. On top of which he knew how hard it was for Adam to be outside of his comfort zone - and a date at a busy beach during a summer afternoon certainly fell into that category.

It had been a couple of weeks since Adam's heat, when they had got together, and now things were moving a little slower. It was nice, but strange - they already knew each other so well in many ways. Not least sexually - Nigel was pretty happy about Adam's insatiable sexual appetite. They were definitely meant for each other, he smiled at the thought.

So he felt like an idiot for feeling so self conscious. Hell, Adam had seen him naked plenty of times before, and he didn't give a fuck what anyone else on the beach thought. But it was different… usually when he was naked with Adam, they were too busy to care about much else than fucking. But now, in a swimsuit and thin t-shirt, Nigel already felt exposed.

He checked the time on the clock in the beachside bar. Adam was never late, usually a little early, so he'd probably be on the beach right now waiting by the pier as they'd arranged. And Nigel was an absolute shit for not being there after Adam had travelled all the way down to Santa Monica on public transport. Which would have taken at least a couple of hours and he couldn't believe his little omega would do that!! But Adam was trying to push himself and Nigel was supporting him… Or had been. Because this wasn't supportive. Sat in a bar, now four beers down when Adam was waiting for him out there - likely nervous and in need of gentling. Probably it was only the thought of seeing Nigel that pushed Adam through his comfort zone and out the otherside. The least Nigel could do was fucking be there for him.

His hand went to his side and he felt his ugly scar, the torn edges of flesh, through the thin t-shirt.

“Fuck!” He muttered, but loud enough to raise the eyebrow of the barman. Nigel let out a huff of a sigh and pushed off from the bar and up onto his feet. He swayed a little as he tried to compensate for the beer. He couldn’t believe he was going to fuck this up with Adam, be the bad alpha Adam was starting to believe he wasn’t.

Maybe it would be better if he could at least remember how he got the scar. He’d had flashes of it in his dreams - of it being an angry wound that threatened exsanguination… the sound of a cello.

He picked up his sportsbag, towel inside along with a small cooler with a couple more beers, some snacks, and headed out.

When he got to their pier he didn't see Adam at first and wondered if he'd given up and left. Nigel checked his phone - no messages or calls… and 35 minutes late to meet Adam.

“Fuck!” He scrubbed his hand roughly over his face. He'd really fucked up. It was a few minutes of almost panicked wandering towards the pier before he spotted a huddled little figure sitting almost under the pier itself.

“Adam!” The omega looked up and Nigel began to jog towards him, towards the smile being beamed at him that he didn’t deserve.

“Nigel! I was worried…” Adam looked so delighted to see him that Nigel could barely stand it after having left him there to fend for himself. Not that Adam was incapable - far from it - but he had said he would meet him, Adam would have been relying on him.

He was almost there when he started to slow his jog and the four beers made themselves known as his equilibrium was thrown and he found he was no longer jogging, but falling, then rolling and finally sprawled on his back in the sand. Adam was immediately at his side.

“Nigel are you…” He paused as he clearly took in the scent on his boyfriend. “Have you been drinking?” Nigel knew Adam well enough to recognise the look on his face as confusion, and thankfully not anger or upset.

“I may have had a beer…” Nigel grinned. He couldn’t help but grin around the omega, even if he was ashamed of his shitty behaviour.

“Is that why you’re late…” Adam’s expression flickered to something, hurt maybe?

Nigel pulled the omega down on top of him in the sand.

“I’m so sorry angel. I fucked up… I just… I needed some liquid courage.”

“I don’t understand.” Adam looked at him blankly but settled on his chest nonetheless.

“I’m feeling a bit…” What word could he use that didn’t make him seem weak? “...shy… about being topless on the beach, if you want to sunbathe or go swimming or-”

Adam cut him off “I… I still don’t understand… you’re so handsome why would you be shy about showing off your body?” He flashed a grin. “I’d like to make the other omega’s

jealous…" A blush ran up his neck to his cheeks as he pressed his face into Nigel's neck to hide it.

The words spread a warmth through Nigel's chest and he let out a low chuckle. And then took a deep breath. Letting it out roughly. "My side… it's all butchered…"

Adam pushed back up so that he could look down into Nigel's eyes - something that was getting easier between them but was still significant. "Nigel, you're beautiful. Every bit of you… even the scar, because it makes you, you. Please… I understand now, I feel like that too about how I am… um, please try to see yourself the way I see you… like how I'm trying to see me how you see me…"

They looked at each other before Nigel pulled Adam down into a deep kiss. He considered himself a good kisser - he had never left Adam wanting - but even through the alcoholic fog he knew this was sloppy. He found himself delightfully surprised when Adam's lips and tongue began suddenly controlling the kiss. Taking what he wanted from his alpha in a way that Nigel found so hot that he had to stop himself thrusting his hips up.

When they finally broke for air the omega smiled - "Nigel you taste like *a lot* of beer!"

Nigel gave a tipsy grin and rolled Adam in the sand, thankful that he hadn't just fucked everything up.

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